



Grand Commandery of Minnesota

Knights Templar

Editor S.K. Tom Hendrickson P.G.M.

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

I and my Lady Wendy, my daughters Francesca and Gabriella all wish to you and your families the happiest of this winter season! As I sit back in my chair, writing this letter, watching a movie with my oldest daughter (Nightmare Before Christmas – her favorite) I can only think about the holidays to come. Of course, due to publication schedules, this article must be into the publisher prior to Thanksgiving, so you will forgive me if my precognition about the season may not come true.

The words of the song sung at many New Years' Even celebrations at midnight are very meaningful to me. For old long since is one translation of the phrase. At this time of the year I am reminded of a very cool tradition one friend once told me of. It seems that, every year on New Year's, he would sit down at his desk in his office. He'd have an adult libation and turn on some music to get him in the right school of thought. He would look out the window and think about the previous year and go back to the past year. And then he would start to write...

Sitting at that desk, he would write a letter to each of his children. He would tell them about how they had grown, the things that they had experienced, and all through his own eyes. He would remind them of the huge growth they had had. He would tell them of their trials and tribulations they had. He would tell them of their successes and failures, their heartbreaks and their joys. Most of all, he would tell them all how much he desperately loved each and every one of them. The life of his children

filled this simple man with a joy so profound he had to memorialize it all.

My Brothers of the Cross, we also have that letter written to each of us. These letters that our Savior has written to us in his holy book are the constant reminder of our Father's love. We are all reminded during the Christmas season that our Savior was born of simple parents, in a barn in a manger – not an ostentatious palace. Here, the king of kings was born to remind us all that it is not the material that matters, but the internal qualities of each and every one of us.

As you think to the past year, I hope that you are filled with joy and good thoughts. We have, as Masons, so many things to be proud of. We have a Brotherhood that spans years and nationalities, borders and age groups. This Fraternity that we all love is such a joyful one, I can only hope that you will all join me in thinking kindly of your Brothers this past year. We have, as well, lost so many members of our Fraternity. Sir Knight Kevin Jones – a giant among the York Rite of Minnesota passed to the Celestial Lodge in 2019. And who can forget our Most Worshipful Grandmaster of Masons of Minnesota, Steven Johnson. Their columns are broken, and their work unfinished.

In closing my Fraters, I leave you with this wish for the coming year. May the road rise up to meet you – but not too fast. May you have warm words on a cold evening, a full moon on a dark night, and a smooth road all the way home. May you always have a clean shirt, a clean conscience, and enough coins in your pocket to buy a pint. And may the blessings of our Savior shine upon you in this coming year!

Sláinte!

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